

THREE Old Scottish Songs.

Jockey and Jenny.

Jockey's Lamentation.

I yield, dear Lassie.



FALKIRK:

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THE
Old Scottish Songs.

JOCKEY AND JENNY.

'Twas on the month of May, jo,
When Jockey first I spy'd,
He look'd as fair as day too, I
Gud gin I'd been his bride:
With cole black eyne, and milk-white
hand,

Ise ne'er yet saw the like,
I wish I had gin aw my land,
Ise ne'er had seen the dike.

He fix'd his eyne upon me,
With aw the signs of love,
Ise thought they would gang thro' me,
So fiercely they did move.
He tuk me in his eager arms,
Ise made but faint denials,
Ise then, alas, found aw his charms,
Woe worth such-fatal-tryals:

The bonny lad at last, jo,
Was forc'd to gang away,

But Ise had eane stuck fast tho',
 Full nine months from that day,
 And now poor Jenny's maiden-head,
 Shame on't, they find is lost,
 The little brat has aw betray'd,
 Was ever lass thus cross'd?

One day young Jenny with her son,
 She to the fields did go,
 Unto some pleasant valley, where
 Sweet smelling flowers did grow:
 She sat herself down on the ground,
 With tears under a tree,
 Crying, Jockey has me betray'd,
 And will not marry me.

Now Jockey was a miller's son,
 Of Edinborough town,
 And as she sat lamenting there,
 With tears upon the ground;
 She saw Jockey upon a horse,
 Come riding on the way,
 And on his flute, this muckle lad,
 Melodiously did play.

So soon as she beheld his face,
 She straitway did arise,

To go and meet this bonny lad;
 The tears stood in her eyes;
 But when she came to him, she cry'd,
 You've got my maiden-head,
 This brat has brought my shame to light,
 When will you with me wed?

With that Jockey he did alight,
 And with a sweet embrace,
 He said to her, my dearest dear,
 To-morrow in this place,
 If you'll be sure to meet me here,
 We to the kirk will hie,
 And there, my dear, the marriage-knot
 In love we then will tie.

Then with a kiss they both did part,
 And met again next day,
 They both were marry'd after that,
 And home they went their way,
 Unto a house, whereas that day
 In joy and mirth was spent,
 Thus Jenny she was made a wife,
 Unto her heart's content.

So soon as she had said his face
 She straightway did arise.

JOCKEY'S LAMENTATION.

Jockey met with Jenny fair,
 Betwixt the dawning of the day;
 And Jockey now is full of care,
 For Jenny stole his heart away;
 Altho' she promis'd to be true,
 Yet she, alas, has prov'd unkind,
 The which does make poor Jockey rue,
 For Jenny's fickle as the wind:
 And 'tis o'er the hills and far away,
 'Tis o'er the hills and far away,
 'Tis o'er the hills and far away,
 The wind has blow'd my plaid away,

 Jockey was a bonny lad,
 As e'er was born in Scotland fair
 But now poor Jockey is run mad,
 For Jenny causes his despair;
 Jockey was a piper's son,
 And fell in love while he was young,
 But all the tunes that he could play
 Was, o'er the hills and far away.
 And 'tis o'er, &c.

 When first I saw my Jenny's face,
 She did appear with such a grace,

With muckle joy my heart was fill'd,
 But now alas with sorrow kill'd;
 Oh, was she but as true as fair;
 'Twould put an end to my despair;
 But oh! alas this is unkind,
 Which sore does terrify my mind,
 'Tis o'er, &c.
 That Jenny stole my heart away.

Did she but feel the dismal woe,
 That for her sake I undergo,
 She surely then would grant relief,
 And put an end to all my grief;
 But oh, she is as false as fair,
 Which causes all my sad despair:
 She triumphs in a proud disdain,
 And takes delight to see my pain.
 'Tis o'er, &c.

Hard was my hap to fall in love,
 With one that does so faithless prove,
 Hard was my fate to court the maid,
 That has my constant heart betray'd;
 A thousand times to me she swore,
 She would be true for evermore,
 But oh, alas, with grief I say,
 She's stole my heart and run away.
 'Tis o'er, &c.

Good, gentle Cupid, take my part,
 And pierce this false one to the heart,
 That she may once but feel the woe
 That I for her do undergo:

Oh make her feel this raging pain,
 That for her love I do sustain;
 She sure would then more gentle be,
 And soon repent her cruelty.

'Tis o'er, &c.

I now must wander for her sake,
 Since that she will no pity take;
 Into the woods and shady grove,
 And bid adieu to my false love;
 Since she is false whom I adore,
 I ne'er will trust a woman more,
 From all their charms I'll fly away,
 And on my pipe will sweetly play.

'Tis o'er, &c.

There by myself I'll sing and say,
 'Tis o'er the hills and far away,
 That my poor heart is gone astray,
 Which makes me grieve both night and
 day,

Farewel, farewel, thou cruel she,
 I fear that I shall die for thee;

But if I live this vow I'll make,
To love no other for your sake.

'Tis o'er the hills and far away,
'Tis o'er the hills and far away,
'Tis o'er the hills and far away,
The wind has blow'd my plaid away,

SONG.

I yield, dear lassie, you ha'e won,
And there is nae denying,
That sùre as light flows frae the sun,
Frae love proceeds complying;
For a' that we can do or say,
'Gainst love, nae thinker heeds us;
They ken our bosoms lodge the fae,
That by the heart-strings leads us.

FINIS.